

was because of their unbelief. And did God make them an exception in His stern decree, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword?" The friends of war are quick to tell us that God's chosen were a warrior people, but quite slow in telling us that as a nation they were utterly destroyed by the self-same sword, and as a people, by it, scattered over the whole earth. Remember it, O America, star of the nations, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

"It hath been said," exclaimed Jesus, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Here we have a positive declaration against opposing carnal force with carnal force, which no logical argument can overthrow. Here we have a command that only the brave, the true hero, can possibly obey. To the coward it is impossible. "The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached." Moses said, "An eye for an eye." Jesus said, "Resist not evil." Whom follow ye, Moses or Jesus? Moses drew the sword from the scabbard. Jesus returned it to the sheath. "Endure hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ," says Paul; "No man that warreth," that is, "no good soldier of Jesus Christ,—entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." Going to war, is invariably, the entangling of one's self with the affairs of this life, no matter what the *casus belli* may be. If the Cuban, or the Filipino or the negro is in shackles, there is a greater work for the Christian soldier than to go and strike from his ankles the material shackles of this life. With the keen and mighty sword of Truth, let him go as God has commanded him, and strike from the wrists and ankles of enslaved men, the more galling shackles of sin. Then he shall lead them into the only true liberty. "If the Son of Man shall make you free, ye shall be free, indeed." Shackle, scourge, imprison in the inner prison, if you will, the freeman of Christ, and still he is the freest man beneath the heavenly blue.

It is impossible for a man to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, and go into the bloody, fiendish, soul destroying conflict that manures the earth with human blood. No, no! no Christian can be a United States soldier! I repeat, no man can be a follower of Jesus and a follower of the battle flag. Mark you, I have not said that no United States soldier can be saved. "With God, all things are possible," and this is another case of camel crawling thru a needle's eye. It is barely possible he may be saved on the ground of conscientious duty, being ignorant of God's emphatic truth. Barely possible he may have been deceived by the fiery eloquence and fervent blessing of a wordly pulpit. In this case he is a Christian, but is, in a sense, as all who have not the truth, a heathen, and

must take his part out of the mercy of God, as it shall be extended to all those, who "having not the law, are a law unto themselves."

A beautiful illustration of the law of Jesus is found in the history of Elijah. You remember, when he became a fugitive from men, he sought refuge in a cave, where it had been revealed to him that he would meet God. The storm came, and in its terrible fury, bent and laid low the great forest, and Elijah said, "Surely God is here." But lo, God was not in the storm! Then came the rolling thunder and the hurling lightning in such awful splendor as man never saw before or since, but, God was not in the thunder nor in the lightening! Then came the great earthquake,—the earth belched fire, the rocks were shattered, the very mountains were rent, until the old prophet hid his face, crying, "Surely, surely, I am in the presence of the great All Powerful." Suddenly there came a calm, an awful silence, no sound was heard, nor leaf moved. Then out of the quietness, came the voice of stillness, and behold! God was there! Sublime picture of God's way among men! "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Not in the storm of lead, not with the lightning stroke of sword or spear, not in the thunder of mighty guns, not in the earthquake of battle; but, in the silent irresistible power of an absolutely unselfish life, returning ever good for evil, comes the Father to lift up His fallen child,—Humanity! The only power that has yet successfully confronted and resisted evil is the power of that Spirit which when spit upon and scourged, smote not; when scoffed at and cursed, reviled not; when crucified and suffering all of mortal anguish, forgave. "Overcome evil with evil," is the law of the world. "Overcome evil with good," is the law of Jesus,—a law as absolute, as immutable as God. Let humanity turn from it, if she will, but only as she bows in humble submission unto it, will she step toward the stars! "Put up thy sword! Put up thy sword!"

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Home

The Evening Trains

The first train leaves at 6 P. M.

For the land where the poppy blows,
And mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;

The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 P. M. the next train starts

For the poppy-land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to poppy-land?

I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss—
And its paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day,
That leave at 6 and 8."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And a special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

—Our Dumb Animals.

A Gentleman

Will Carleton's Magazine.

I was once spending the night in a beautiful home in a large city. At about nine o'clock my host, a gentleman of about fifty-five years of age, got up, went out into the hall and put on his overcoat and rubbers. Returning to the parlor door, he said:

"Excuse me, please, for just a few minutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother."

His mother lived three blocks distant, and for thirty years her son had never failed to go and bid her good-night, if he was in the city.

"No matter what the wheather may be, no matter who his guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good night," said the gentleman's wife when he had gone.

"Neither he nor she could sleep if this duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city, he writes to her every day, if only a single line.

"Her mental powers are beginning to fail, and she forgets many things, so that her mind is a blank on some points; but when nine o'clock comes she always knows the hour, and says: 'It is time for Henry to come and bid me good-night.'"

David's Safeguard

Christian Standard.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." "I will meditate in Thy precepts and have respect unto Thy ways." "I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy word."

David had found the safeguard against sin when he said, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." We know God thru His word; we love Him only when we know Him. How very important, then, is the study of God's messages to the world! Is Christianity the first business of life? Then nothing but the best Christianity will do, and to know the best we must study and learn.

We diligently prepare for everything we undertake. The lawyer, the physician, the teacher, the artist, and the artisan think no time too precious, no labor too severe to be expended on perfecting their work. Yet some Christians seem to think that the fitness for their careers will descend in some mysterious manner from the skies, and pass into their souls. It is not true. We must work for all we gain.

Holy living is not something separate from daily life and the laws thereof. It is the most natural thing in the world, and the good Christian achieves perfection in the same